

FORTRESS MONROE, May 12.
The steamer Hero, with 200 sick and wounded, has just arrived from Bermuda Hundred. There was no fighting yesterday. Our forces were there.

Beauregard was re-enforced on Tuesday night by two brigades from Lee's army. The statement seems improbable.

James river was obstructed yesterday afternoon by our forces near Turkey Bend by sinking schooners and barges to prevent the rebel iron-clads from coming out.

Our waaler force moved at five o'clock this morning, and are probably engaging the enemy at this time.

PHILADELPHIA, May 13.

The Inquirer has several dispatches from Scottsylvania to the 12th, the last, dated 12 o'clock, saying that there had been a full in the battle for the past half hour.

Everything seems favorable, and all are in good spirits.

Our losses during the past eight days have been very heavy, accounts varying from eighteen to twenty-five thousand; but the command has been mostly in the woods, and thousands may be hiding there of whom no record can be made at present.

Heavy firing is now heard on our left flank. We advance, but hard work is before us. It is thought by to-morrow night the game will be up with the rebels.

NEW YORK, May 13, 1:30 P. M.

We are authorized by the War Department to state that the rumored capitulation of Lee and his army is untrue.

This rumor has been industriously circulated by the Independent telegraph line, and was given currency by the Philadelphia Enquirer. The public will be officially notified of all prominent events.

CINCINNATI, May 13.

The following dispatch has just been read by Mr. Davenport, superintendent of telegraph:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
May 13.

Official dispatches are being received from the

At daylight he attacked with his accustomed impetuosity, forcing the first and then the second line of the enemy's works, capturing the whole of Gen. Edward Johnson's division and a part of Early's, together with [Adj. Gen. Edward Johnson, Brig. Gen. John]

The number of prisoners is not known, but they are to be counted by thousands. Gen. Burnside on the extreme left acted with Gen. Hancock, and advanced with comparatively little opposition. His right has earned a junction with Hancock, and his left now actively engaged. Wright's troops attacked at 7:15 o'clock, and are now at work. Warren is demonstrating to hold the enemy front of his line. The rebel works at this point are exceedingly strong.

A dispatch has been received from General Butler, dated in the field, near Chester Station, Virginia, May 12, 3:30 P. M., stating that he is now harassing the enemy near Fort Darling, and has before him all the troops from North and South Carolina that have arrived. Beauregard's courier, captured this morning, going to General Hops, in command at Oway's Bluff, and a dispatch stating that Beauregard would join him as soon as the coops came up. Gillmore holds the intrenchments while Smith demonstrates upon Drury and the enemy's line. Gen. Kaniz, with his cavalry, has been sent

on the Danville road, near Appomattox station, and can perhaps advance on James river.

[Signed] T. T. ECKERT,
Major and Asst Sup't Mil. Tel.
NEW YORK, May 13.

Secretary Stanton, in a dispatch to General Bix, dated this morning, confirms the news of Hancock's success.

He states that the battle was coming fast and that Kautz has been sent to cut the Danville railroad.

PHILADELPHIA, May 13.

The Bulletin has a specimen from Washington vine it is rumored that they are

Johnston evacuated Dalton last night, and our forces now occupy the place.

CINCINNATI, May 13.

River fell 2 inches, with 19 feet 10 inches the channel. Weather clear. Thermometer 70; barometer 29.08.

PITTSBURG, May 13.

River 8 feet 4 inches by the pier mark and rising. Weather cloudy and close.

On the Eve of Battle.
[Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler in the Independent.]
CULPEPPER, Va., April 28.

I never thought I should become a high church man, but I am ensconced to-day in the ptery of a deserted Episcopal church in the silent aristocratic Culpepper. My writing desk is a candle-box; a cooking-stove beside a boiler the coffee-pot; the Christian Commission delegate; the dining table on three-packer boxes is beyond it; the top of the gallery our dormitory, where we spread our blankets on the floor, and sleep sweetly after our day's marches among the tents. Down in the

ken pews on the lower floor, the Pendle-
mans, Hills and Mercers, and other Culpeper
tricians, have "said or sung" the English
urgy for a generation or more. In the
gran-look is a huge stack of religious books
d newspapers, which the Christian
Commission are scattering broadcast through the
region. The identifiable commission cir-
cles eighteen thousand papers per week from
Army Station alone; nearly a thousand is the
average weekly circulation through the Army
the Potomac. These papers are greedily
night and devoured by the soldiers.
Immediately under the church window lie
the family of General A. P. Hill, who was born

Yonder old brick house on the corner. The tents of our men stand close on to the graves the proud old aristocracy of the days of adison. A few rods off is the Methodist church (pro-slavery, though bearing the late Wesley's name); and, by an awful tribulation, it is now used as a cavalry stable.

GENERAL GRANT.

Hard by it, in a once elegant mansion, General Grant is now sitting, with a New York paper in his hand quietly enjoying his cigar. Truly "true yoke fellow," brother Anderson, of Ewtown, and myself dropped in for a chat with him, and, like every one else who meets

men, were crowned with his quiet, modest simplicity and manly bearing. He is a low colored, diffident man, with fair skin and brown hair; looks younger even than Fremont, talks slowly, like one used to keeping his own secrets. He says he "never even had headaches," and grants he never has to be heartache during the coming eventful month! When I rallied him pleasantly about the traditional "cigar," which he used as Napoleon did the snuff-box, he smilingly replied, "When the war is over I am going to give it up." He has the most unbounded confidence of the troops; in every tent we hear the same spontaneous testimony.

CULPEPPER—which is now the central point of interest to the civilized world—is in the lap of a lovely landscape. Before war's remorseless plowshare desolated its fields, swept away its fences, felled its forests and tore up its lawns and orchards, it was one of the garden spots of Virginia. John Minor Botts' fine mansion and grounds, now in sight—are almost the only estate which has been spared. It is the principal mansion of the village, the lives and children of Confederate army officers still linger, many of them gaining their daily bread by boarding the officers of our own army. This morning one of the F. F. V.'s

As the milking his surviving cow, the scores of
arves having long ago walked off into liberty
under the light of Father Abraham's proclama-
tion. Opposite his house resides an aged
retrocastic widow and her two invalid daugh-
ters (wives of rebel officers), who are entirely
supported by the hard labor of two household
arves, who are perfectly free, and yet cling to
the helpless family under whose roof they
were born. And this is the "barbarous" race
which the London Times said would cut the
throats of their former masters.

THE GRAVEYARD.

On the edge of the village is a well-kept

Some unhappy wretch stole \$17 from

sleeping printer in Henderson.

